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BY C. & G. ZARLEY.

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Wilmington, Will County Illinois.

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New Cabinet Shop.
Every variety of Cabinet Furniture, Manufac-
ured, and constantly kept on hand by
W. WORTHINGTON.
Corner of Third and Washington streets,
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W. WORTHINGTON.
Corner of Third and Washington streets,
Joliet, Ill.

CHIMES FOR THE TIMES.

BY WILLIAM EYLE.

Be ye not zealous over much,
But hope and time will make you better:
There is a faith care cannot touch,
Which leaves the soul without a fetter.
Oh, it is but a sorry creed
To look for nothing but deceiving,
To meet a kindness in your need
With a smile of misbelieving!
The tale of ill is not so strong;
Man loves not always wrath and wrong.

It cannot be that every heart
Is steeled so much against its neighbor;
Let each with reason play his part,
And fruit will spring from out the labor:
Progressing still life's journey through,
Be just and kind towards your fellow,
Remembering whatever you do,
That duty spreads the smoothest pillow;
And ne'er the hand of friendship spurn,
But trust, and man will trust in turn.

Some men there be who deem it good
In trade to overreach another;
And some who would not, tho' they could,
Upraise a hand to help another:
They deem not, though convulsions wide
May show the earth by danger shaken,
That still of hearts unjust though pride
A dark and true account is taken.
Kingdoms may quake and thrones may fall
But God is looking over all.

Oh, join not then the strife of men,
But hourly show, by waxing kinder,
That ye have reached the moment when
Reason no more is growing blinder!
And that ye hope that time should yield
A change for each benighted nation.
Seek not at first so wide a field
To fling the seeds of reformation;
But sow them first in hearts at home,
Then trust in God, and fruit will come.

The Runaway Match;
OR, HOW A SCHOOLMASTER MARRIED A FORTUNE.

It's about ten years ago since the in-
cident what I'm going to tell you took
place. It caused a great sensation in
Pineville at the time, and had the effect
of making fellers monstrous careful how
they run away with other people's daugh-
ters without their consent, ever since.

Mr. Ebenezer Doolittle was the domi-
nant man after rich gals that ever was.
He hadn't been in Pineville more'n six
months before he had found out every
rich gal in the settlement, whose father
had twenty niggers, and courted all of
them within a day's ride. He was rather
old to be popular with the gals, & some-
how they didn't like his ways, and the way they
did bluff him off was enough to discourage
anybody but a Yankee schoolmaster who
wanted to get married, and hadn't many
years of grace left. But it didn't seem to
make no sort of difference to him. He
undertook 'em by the job. He was
bound to have a rich wife out of some of
'em, and if he failed in one case, it only
made him more perseverin in the next.
His motto was, never say die!

Betty Darling, as they used to call her,
—old Mr. Darling's daughter, what used
to live out on the Run—was about the
town downest mischief of a gal in Geo-
gia. Betty was rich, handsome and smart;
had more admirers than she could shake
a stick at, but she was such a tormentin'
little coquette that the boys were all af-
raid to court her in the right down earnest.
When Doolittle found her out, he went at
like a house on fire. She was just the
gal for him, and he was determined
to have her at the risk of his life.

Well, he laid siege to Mr. Darling's
house day and night, and when he couldn't
leave school to go and see her, he lit let-
ters to her, that was enough to throw any
gal but Betty in a fit of high stricks to
read 'em. Just as every body made a
feller believe had he the thing did, she
kicked him flat. But, shaw! he was
perfectly used to it, and he was too much
of a philosopher to be discouraged by such
a rebuff, when the game was worth pur-
suing.

He didn't loose a minute, but just
brushed up and went at her again. —
Every body was perfectly surprised to see
him gwine back to old Darling's after the
way he had been treated by Betty; but
they were a good deal more surprised,
and the boys were terribly alarmed in
about a month at the headway he seemed
to be makin' in his suit. All at once,
Betty's conduct seemed to change towards
him, and though her father and mother
were terribly opposed to the match, any
body could see that she was beginnin' to
like the schoolmaster very well.

Things went on in this way for a while
till bimeby old Darling begun to get so
uneasy about it, that he told Doolittle he
mustn't come to his house any more; and
if he ketched him sending any more love
letters or kiss varsets to his daughter by
his nigger gals, he'd make one of his boys
give him an all-fired cowbird.

But Doolittle didn't care for that neither.
He could see dear Miss Betty when
she came a shoppin' in town, and there
was more'n one way to get a letter to her.
What did he care for old Darling? His
daughter was bed and hart in love with
him, and was jest the gal to run away
with him, too, if her parents opposed the
match. And as for the property he was

certain of that, once he married the gal.
On Saturday, when there was no
school, he went to old Squire Rodgers,
and told him he must be ready to marry
a couple that night at exactly ten o'clock.
"Mum," ses he, "you must say a
word to nobody. The license is all ready,
and the parties wants it to be done pri-
vately."

Squire Rodgers was one of the most
accommodatin' old fellers in the world
on such occasions. Mrs. Rodgers was
a monstrous cranky, cross old lady, and
nothin' did the Squire so much good as to
marry other peoples it didn't make no
ods who they was. Besides Doolittle
was an inquiring man, and a great schol-
ar in his own opinion, and belonged to
his church.

Doolittle had arranged the whole mat-
ter in first rate order. Betty was to meet
him at the end of her father's lane, dis-
guised in a dress borrowed for the occa-
sion, when he was to take her in a
close one horse barouche and fly with
her on the wings of love, as he said, to
the squire's office, whar they was to be
united in the bands of wedlock before any
body in the village know'd any thing about it.
He had made arrangements at the hotel
for a room, which he seed fixed up him-
self for the occasion, and he had writ a
letter to a friend of his down in Augusty,
to be thar the next week, to take charge
of his school as he tho't it might be
necessary to keep out of old Darling's way
for a few weeks till the old feller had
time to come to.

Jest after dark he mought have been
seen driving out by himself in a barouche
towards old Darling's. Every body
spectated something, and all hands were
on the lookout. It was plain to see Squire
Rodgers importance was swelled up
with something, but no body couldn't get
a word out of him.

Doolittle didn't spare the lash after he
got out of sight of town, and with strained
eyes and palpitatin' heart, he soon reached
the place appointed to meet the ob-
ject of his consumin' affections.

Was she thar? No yes! it is. Yes,
thar she is! the dear creature. The skirt
of her nankeen ride'n' dress, what sets
close to her angelic form, fluterin' in the
breeze. She stands timidly crouchin' in
the fence holdin' her vale close over her
lovely face, tremblin' in every joint for
fear she mought be discovered and torn
away from the arms of her devoted Eb-
enezer.

"Dearest angel!" ses he in a low voice.
"Oh, Ebenezer!" and she kind o' fell
in his arms.

"Compose yourself, my love!"
"Oh, if father should—"

"Don't fear, dearest creature! My arm
shall protect you against this world." —
And he was jest gwine to pull away her
vail to kiss her.

"Oh!" ses she, "didn't I hear some-
body comin'?"

"Eh," ses he, lookin' round. "Let's
get in, my dear."

And with that he helped her into the
barouche, and contented himself with
imprintin' a burnin' kiss that almost
signed the kid glove on her dear little
hand, as he closed the door. Then jump-
ing on the front seat, he drove as fast as
he could to town, encouragin' her all the
way and swearin' to her how he would
love her and make her happy and tellin'
her how her father and mother would
forgive her, & think as much of her as ever.

Poor gal! she was so terribly agitated
that she couldn't do nothin' but sob and
cry, which made Mr. Doolittle love her
the more and aware the harder.

When they got to the Squire's office,
and the boys that was on the watch seed
him help her out of the barouche, every
body knowed her at once, in spite of her
disguise, and such another excitement
was never seen in Pineville. Some of
the fellers was half out of their senses,
and it was necessary to hurry the cere-
mony over as quick as possible, for fear
of bein' interrupted by the row that was
evidently bruin'.

"Be quick," ses Doolittle, handin' out
the license, and shakin' like he had the
ager, "for Miss Darling is much agitated."

The Squire hardly waited to wipe his
spectacles, and didn't take time to enjoy
himself in readin' the ceremony slow,
and put in the double semi-quaver in his
voice, like he always did. The noise
was gettin' louder and louder out of doors,
and somebody was knockin' to get in.

"Oh!" ses Betty, leanin' on Doolittle's
arm for support.

"Go on," ses Doolittle, pressin' her to
his side, his eyes on the Squire, and his
face as white as a sheet.

"Open the door Rodgers," ses a
hoarse voice outside.

But the Squire didn't hear nothin' till
he pronounced the last words of the cer-
emony, and Ebenezer Doolittle and Eliza-
beth Darling were pronounced man and
wife.

Just then the door opened. In rushed
old Mr. Darling and Bill and Sam Dar-
ling, followed by a whole heap of fellers.
"Take hold of her!" ses old Darling,
flourishin' his cane over her head.

"Stand off," ses Doolittle, throwin'
himself into a real stage attitude, and up-
portin' his faintin' bride on one arm.

"Stand off old man! She is my lawful
wife, and I claim the protection of the
law."

"Knock him down, take hold of him!"
ses half a dozen, and Bill Darling grab-
bed the bridegroom by the neck, while
Squire Rodgers jumped upon the table and
hollered out:

"I command the peace! I command
the peace in the name of the State of
Georgia!"

"She's my wife!" shouted Doolittle.—
"I call upon the law!"

Just then the bride got over her faintin'
fit and raised her droopin' head—the vale
fell off, and oh, cruel fate! Mr. Ebenezer
Doolittle stood petrified with horror, hold-
in' in his arms not Miss Betty but Miss
Betty's waitin' maid, one of the blackest
niggers in Georgia, who, at this interestin'
crisis, rolled her eyes upon him like two
peeled onions & throwin' her arms around
his neck, exclaimed:

"Dis is my dear husband what Miss
Betty gib me her own self!"

Sich a shout as did follow.
"Go to the devil, you black—"

Doolittle, tryin' to pull away from her.
"Stick to him Silla," ses the fellers,
"he's yours accordin' to law."

Old Squire Rodgers looked like he'd
married his last couple, poor old man,
and hadn't a word to say for himself.
The boys, and young Darlings liked to
laughed themselves to death, while old
Mr. Darling, who was mad as a hornet,
was gwine to have Doolittle arrested for
nigger stealin' right off.

Poor Doolittle! He made out at last
to git loose from his wife, and find the
back door. He haint never been heard
of in Pineville from that day to this.

From the St. Louis Reveille.

"Taking the Mississippi."

While Mr. Sam Stockwell, the artist,
now engaged on the great panorama of
the Mississippi, in this city, was one af-
ternoon slowly floating down the river in
his boat, a very uncomfortable shower
came pattering down, at the moment he was
about dropping anchor to sketch the pic-
turesque establishment of a squatter.

He hesitated a moment but finally let go,
and his boat swung round in the stream.

"Vot, ish you going to pictur him mit
der rain?" inquired his German boatman.

"No," says Sam, but I'm going to pic-
tur him mit the pencil. We are now
about at the right spot to take a good
view of that odd looking cabin, and if we
go on we will lose it. So haul out the
old umbrella and I will try a sketch. Per-
haps by the time we finish our view, the
proprietor will invite us to take some but-
termilk with him."

This odd umbrella had, by certain vi-
olent convulsions received on the trip, be-
come quite a curiosity. One half of the
whalebone were gone, and when it was
hoisted, it hung like a wo-begone sombre
rover its owner. The pitching of it
carelessly into the boat, on sundry occa-
sions, had introduced ill-shaped sky-lights
in its roof; and, taken altogether, it was
the sorriest apology for shelter, ever
stretched over a sovereign citizen of the
great United States. Sam, however,
worked away beneath the 'gingham' un-
til he finished his sketch. All the time,
affluent from the top of his cone like cov-
ering, poured a flood of dark tinged water
through one of the holes, and down his
neck. His German watched this stream
with intense interest, as if calculating
how much the artist's clothes would hold
before they would leak. When he had
finished, George, the German, broke forth
in admiration:

"Vell, for a little man you snake more
water den ever I sees before. It will take
you von veck to be so dry and nice as ye
vas shust now."

Just then, a voice from the shore hailed
them.

"Look yar, you with that awfin' ugly
hat, what in thunder are you sittin' out
thar in the rain? Who are you? What
are you goin' to do?"

"I am going to canvass the Mississippi,"
said Sam.

"You're an electioneer, ar you?" in-
quired the squatter.

"No, not exactly," said Sam, "except in
a small way for my own individual bene-
fit. I am going to take the river."

"Whar ar you goin to take it to?" in-
quired the squatter.

"All round the country," said Sam, and
over to England.

"Well, afore you kin do that, you'll hev
to get an awful big tub, and sot yourself
at the mouth to draw it off."

"On no, says Sam, 'I am drawing it off
now.'"

The squatter looked up and down the
shore two or three times and then shouted
back:

"I don't see as it gits much lower—
your suckin' machine draws it off read-
ful slow."

"I am painting the Mississippi, my friend,"
answered the artist.

"Hev you got my cabin chalked down,"
he inquired.

"Yes, answered Sam, and you, too."

"Good, by thunder!" said the squatter.

"When you show me to them English fel-
lers, jest tell 'em I'm a Mississippi seran-
ter—I kin hoe more corn in a day than
any Yankee machine ever invented, and
when I hit anything, from a bullock down
to human natur', they generally think
lightnin' is comin'."

"Are you a Taylor man?" inquired Sam.

"No, by thunder," says he.

"Do you go in for Cass, then?" inquired
Sam.

"Well, I calculate not, stranger," shout-
ed he.

"Whail do you support Van Buren?"
continued the artist.

"No, sir," shouted the screamer, "I sup-
port Betsy and the children, and it's d—n
right screwin' to get along with them,
with corn at only twenty-five cents a
bushel."

"Good bye, stick to Betsy and the
children," said Sam; "they are the best
candidates out; and raisin' anchor he
floated off. As he sped onward the squar-
ter's voice reached him once more, and
its hurthen was:

"Hurrah for General Jack-on, the old
Mississippi, and me and Betsy!"

From the Port Huron Observer.

The Philosophy of Politics.

If one class of men, more than another,
ought to possess an extraordinary allow-
ance of philosophy, it is those whom
chance or inclination have placed in the
arena of party politics. The partisan sur-
veys his prospects, much as children are
wont to squint at the revolving varieties
of the kaleidoscope. Turn them which
way he may, there is a luminous dis-
tance which lends enchantment to the
view. *Præsto change!* and the camera ob-
scura cannot present a more beautiful in-
version.

The recent Presidential campaign af-
fords a striking illustration of this fact—
No party ever entered into a contest with
the "signs of the times" more entirely in
its favor—and seldom have its leaders en-
countered a more unexpected defeat. We
have conned over election returns till we
are in doubt whether any other team than
"old whitey" has been on the course.—
As the despatches come in successively,
we are inclined to enquire with the man
who was sent reeling out of doors by a
blow from the brawny arm of an antago-
nist—"Did the lightning strike anywhere
else?"

Reader, chase the rainbow in search of
a pot of gold—experiment for the philo-
sopher's stone—attempt to prove that quack
medicines are infallible—that the Van
Burenites care more for Southern darkies
than cannibals for the "bread of life"—in
short attempt any conceivable absurdity;
but do not attempt to be a political seer.
A pair of stout military spurs will rip the
nicest calculations from centre to circum-
ference; an old horse, whose age is his
only recommendation, may distance the
choicest hobby that chance or fate ever
started on the political turf.

But above all, keep perfectly cool, re-
membering that

"This world is not so bad a world,
As we're inclined to make it:
Though whether good or whether bad,
Depends on how we make it."

A Good Example.

One of our most extensive houses had
in its employ a porter, who was faithful
to his duties and in whom his employers
had great confidence. A short time since
he went to a member of the firm and in-
sisted upon leaving, without seeming wil-
ling to assign any reason for the unlooked-
step. He was accordingly paid off, and he
left. A day or two since, the porter
returned and inquired of his former em-
ployers if they would take him back.

They replied in the affirmative and again
propounded to the man the question, why
he left them? The porter replied, "I will
tell you, now you have taken me back:—
When I come into the store in the morn-
ing, feel cold, take a little liquor; feel
good, take a little more liquor; feel cross,
take a little more liquor, and so it was
liquor, liquor, all the time. At last I find
he got the upper hand of me, and I leave
you; now I have mastered him, I want to
come back."

It is useless to add that the candor of
"David" tended but to increase the pre-
vious confidence of his employers in him.
His resolution to master the monster that
he had sense enough to see was gradu-
ally destroying him, is an example which
well worthy the imitation of others simi-
larly situated.—St. Louis Union.

GRAMMAR.—"John, parse Girls are
lovely."—"Girls is a common noun, third
person, plural number, and objective case."
Objective case? "No. Nominative case."
Nominative to what verb? "I don't know,
sir." "Well, what follows girls?" "John
Dickson followed our girls what we've
got to home, last Sunday afternoon." "Oh!
young man! Well I should suppose they
were in the objective case." "No, sir—
when I seed 'em I should think they
were in the possessive case, for he was
huggin' 'em like thunder!"—American
Paper.

EDITORS FIRST.—In the programme
of a recent Celebration in Boston, the
editors of New England were assigned a
place in rear of the medical faculty, and
in front of the lawyers; upon which ar-
rangement the editor of the Philadelphia
Daily Republic makes this criticism:

"The committee of arrangements would
hit the correspondence better by putting
the printers first, doctors next, and the
lawyers last; at least, that is the order of
the Apocalyptic procession. There fam-
ine went before, and death and hell
followed after."

Speech of Mr. Meagher.

Below we publish the eloquent and
patriotic speech of the gallant and chival-
rous Irishman, THOMAS F. MEAGHER,
who was recently condemned to suffer
death for no other crime than love of his
ative land and a desire to see her freed
from the oppression of the British yoke,
before sentence was passed upon him.—
Mr. M. is said to be the most eloquent or-
ator in the world. The British government,
however, did not dare to put the sentence
into execution.

"My Lords—It is my intention to say
a few words only. I desire that the last
act of a proceeding which has occupied
so much of the public time, should be of
short duration. Nor have I the inadequate
state to close the dreary ceremony of a
state prosecution with a vain display of
words. Did I fear that hereafter, when
I should be no more, the country I have
tried to serve would think ill of me, I
might indeed avail myself of this solemn
moment to vindicate my sentiments and
my conduct. But I have no such fear.
The country will judge of those senti-
ments and that conduct in a light far
different from that in which the jury by
which I have been convicted have view-
ed them; and by the country, the sentence
which you, my lords, are about to pronounce
will be remembered only as the severe
and solemn attestation of my rectitude and
truth. Whatever the language in which
the sentence be spoken, I know that my
fate will meet with sympathy, and my
memory will be honored. In speaking
thus I accuse me not, my Lords, on an in-
decent presumption. To the efforts I
have made in a just and noble cause, I
ascribe no vain importance—nor do I
claim for those efforts any high reward.
But it so happens, and it will ever hap-
pen so, that those who have tried to serve
their country, no matter how weak the
effort may have been, are surely to re-
ceive the thanks and blessings of their peo-
ple. With my country, then, leave my
memory—my sentiments—my acts—
proudly feeling that they require no vin-
dication from me this day.

A jury of my countrymen, it is true,
have stood me guilty of the crime of which
I stand indicted. For this I entertain
not the slightest feeling of resentment
against them. Influenced, as they have
been, by the charge of the Lord Chief
Justice, they could have found no other
verdict. What of the charge? Any strong
observations on it, I feel sincerely, would
ill befit the solemnity of the scene; but I
would earnestly beseech of you, my
Lords—you who preside on that bench—
when the passions and prejudices of this
hour have passed away, to appeal to your
own conscience, and to ask if my
charge as it ought to have been, impartial
and indifferent between the subject and
the crown. My Lords, you may deem
this language unbecoming in me, and,
perhaps, it may seal my fate; but I am
to regret nothing I have done—to retract
nothing I have ever said. I am here to
crave with no lying lip, the life consecra-
ted to the liberty of my country. Far from
it, even here, here, where the thief, the
libertine, the murderer, have left their
loot-prize in the dust—here, on this spot,
where the shadows of death surround me,
and from which I see my early grave in
an unannounced soil opened to receive
me—even here, encircled by these ter-
rors, the hope which has beckoned me to
the perilous sea upon which I have been
wrecked, still consoles, animates, enri-
ches me. No, I do not despair of my
poor old country,